

often times in the mornings when I awaken I don't feel like getting up and doing my toilet and dressing and beginning to do what should be done, instead I feel like staying in bed for 3 or 4 days and nights

or

often times when I have stopped my car at a red light and there aren't any other cars about I have this desire to go through the red light and then when I get that thought I get another thought like

who is allowing me to drive this car?

it doesn't seem sensible that I am allowed to steer and stop and start and speed this machine just like I saw that old lady in the blue hat doing a few moments ago as we passed each other on a steep hill.

or sometimes at night I awaken and sit upright and I stare straight ahead out the window at the night but meanwhile I can feel my dumbness sitting there next to me, stacked up next to me like a set of rubber tires,

and even when I am copulating sometimes

I think, what am I doing copulating?

I am spooked continually by having to do all the ordinary things, the things most people can do so easily.

I sit here drunk now at 12:09 a.m. and I want to light this cigarette and I keep picking up the same 5 or 6 empty book matches, opening them and staring at their insides. anybody else would have a cigarette lighter, anybody else would be asleep, instead at this moment I think of a totally insane woman I lived with for 3 years who could do all those many tiny things properly and without thinking, and still probably does.

PROMENADE

I am taking a walk about 2:30 p.m.
pass a group of kids standing around
looking at the engine of a car.
the hood is up and one of them appears
to be working on the motor.

I walk by

am thirty or forty yards away from them
when one of the kids yells:

"hey, old man!"

I stop and turn, wait
they don't say anything, look down
at the engine.

I wait a moment longer, then turn
and walk along.

I hear one of them laugh, "I don't think
he liked that!"

I don't mind at all: at the age of 62
I can still kick ass
or
drink any of them under the
table.

close to the grave be damned, there's
not a one of them
I'd prefer to be.

it's a good afternoon.

I hope they solve their
engine.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

SPOUSAL SUPPORT

when i bring the beautiful german edition
of my selected works
home to my wife, she sniffs,
"it looks like a real book --
too bad it isn't in english."

later a former wife calls me
about our kids
and i tell her about the german book
and how a number of our mutual friends
were involved in the cover photo,
art work, frontispiece, and afterword,
and she says, "it sounds incestuous."

later i get in a fight with my present wife
over whether my former wife
has deliberately complicated
some travel plans of ours.

she goes to bed
and i sit up by myself
finishing some cheap champagne,
some saki, and some other left-over wine,
celebrating the publication
of the german book.

since i don't read german
i mostly just admire the pictures of me